

Our Mom

- Written by Sarah, read by Brenda.

"God never gives you more than you can handle."-- That's what Mom always said; in time we know we will find she was right.

Though Mom wasn't always the happiest or most positive person you could have met, family and friends knew she was one of the kindest, most caring, and hardworking people around.

For those of you who don't know, Mom and Dad married very young. First becoming a mother at the young age of fifteen, and then being widowed at age 28, Mom was left to raise four children all on her own; the oldest fourteen and the youngest eight.

Mom became both mother and father, not an easy task— with the oldest going through puberty and all of us too young to understand or accept what was going on. Life as we knew it would never be the same. Each Birthday, Christmas, wedding and birth would have been so very different if Dad had not passed on so young. Mom would have been so different.

You've heard it said "When he or she died, a piece of me died as well." These words rang so true for our mother. Through-out all of the years, Mom never stopped loving Dad, nor the four of us. Days and months after Dad passed away, Mom did everything that she could to keep us warm and fed. We remember being so cold that all five of us would get into one bed just to keep warm through the night. (Maybe that's why we all still love to snuggle!!)

Mom would go hungry to make sure we had enough to eat. She would buy new clothes for us, while she herself went without. Even so, we never heard a single complaint. Life went on, good with the bad, and we all remember much more good, than bad. The time Brenda and I shocked Mom by calling her on the same day, to tell her that we were both having a baby; or the times we would try and trick her, pretending to be one another.

Mom was a very proud Mother, Grandmother, and Great Grandmother. She loved all of our huge family gatherings, especially Birthday and Christmas celebrations.

Tuesday was always bingo night at Gram's house. Mom would go down around noon each week, and they would spend the afternoon doing their errands and deciding what to have for supper that night. Bingo was always sure to be full of fun and laughter. "No fools, no fun"; that was always our motto.

Gram's sisters and brothers always played cards when they had time to get together, and when they finally were able to talk Mom into playing, it wasn't long before they had her hooked. Over the years our family have spent many hours around the table together, and these last three weeks have been no different. At home or in the hospital, whenever she felt able, Mom would ask us to play. Even at 2:00 AM last Saturday morning, Mom was having trouble sleeping, so she and I played until she was tired. And by the way, she won..though we won't say all was fair and square.

These last few months, Mom has showed us a side of her that we believed to be lost along the way. Mom's strength, courage, and faith shone through like the brightest star in the dark night sky. Once again

she became so positive about everything and everyone in her life. When Mom was first diagnosed with terminal Cancer, she put together her bucket list. Before she passed on, she was able to accomplish each item she had laid out, with the happiest being around for the births of her two newest great-grandsons, and then being able to attend Tarah Jo and Matt's wedding ceremony.

Thank god for each of these blessings, and especially for our precious Mom.